

**PSYCHOLOGY CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS**

In the election of officers which the psychology Club held recently Miss Garnelle Rancy of Salisbury was elected president. The vice-president for 1935-36 will be Miss Margaret Sears, High Point; the secretary, Miss Mary Daniels, Rocky Mount and the treasurer, Miss Mary Ruth Elliot, Durham.

The Psychology Club was organized two years ago and since that time it has been one of the most progressive organizations on the campus. Under the capable leadership of Miss Elizabeth Jerome the first year and Miss Julia Lee Little the second year, outstanding lecturers of the state have been secured to speak to the Club.

Other retiring officers besides Miss Little are: Miss Ada Pfohl, vice-president; Miss Ruth Kuykendall, Secretary, and Miss Josephine Reece, Treasurer.

**OFF-CAMPUS STUDENTS ELECT HOUSE COMMITTEE**

Day students, if you have a problem that worries you next year send it to Dorothy D—, oh, I mean, the new House Committee. The recently elected members are Mary Louise McClung and Mary Matthews, Sophomores; Rebekah Baynes and Caroline Diehl, Juniors; and Melrose Hendrix and Eleanor Watkins, Seniors. Stephanie Newman is head of the organization. Don't forget, they're going to help Miss Riggan to help you.

**Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A.**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE) and the leaders will direct the delegates toward a Christian philosophy adequate for the day and its needs.

Among the leaders to attend are the following. Miss Winnifred Wygal, of the National Staff of Y. W. C. A.; Dr. A. D. Beittel, pastor of the Collegiate Congregational Church in Nashville; Miss Elsie Harper, of the National Staff of Y. W. C. A.; Rev. James Workman, Mrs. Mildren Inskip Morgan, of the University of Iowa; Mr. Francis Miller, of the Foreign Policy Association; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Durham, of Cornell University; Miss Georgia Harkness of Elmira College, New York; Mr. Harry Comer of the University of North Carolina. The student leaders are Miss Sarah Whittinghill, of the University of Kentucky, and Mr. James H. Pless, of the University of Florida. Salem College representatives will be Miss Erika Marx, Miss Martha Schlegel, Miss Agnes Brown.

To A Post-Office Inkwell  
How many humble hearts have dipped  
In you, and scrawled their manuscript;  
Have shared their secrets, told their cares,  
Their curious and quaint affairs.  
Your pool of ink, your scratchy pen,  
Have moved the lives of unborn men,  
And watched young people breathing hard,  
Put heaven on a postal card.  
—Christopher Morley.

**CLEWELL ON SUNDAY MORNING**

'Twas Sunday before eight  
And all through the dorm  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even the dean.  
(Nor the assistant dean either for that matter).

—More truth than poetry.  
At eight the first breakfast bell rings with the result that some few girls turn over and groan things about "ringing bells in the middle of the night" and a few souls who can't sleep on the only morning they don't have an eight o'clock class get up to go to breakfast. These people always feel it necessary to have company on the way to breakfast and so they tip toe (?) up and down the hall opening and closing (mostly closing), doors trying to find someone who is awake to go to breakfast with them. But all in vain, they pat down the hall one by one.

At eight fifteen the maids take the place by storm and proceed from one end of the hall to the other sweeping around and dropping waste baskets. At last they retreat and leave the dormitory in silence until people begin to get up for Sunday School and Church. This includes everybody but those girls who being tired and sleepy, feel that getting up it an impossibility and that they needs must take a church out. At last even these negligent souls must spring from their beds to go to dinner and the dormitory is astir.

**HOME ECONOMICS CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS**

In a meeting held Tuesday the Home Economics Club elected Susan Rawlings president for 1935-36. The vice-president will be Mary Nelson Anderson and the Secretary, Cordelia Lowery. Retiring officers are: Anne Vaughn, president; Florence McCannless, Vice-President, Susan Rawlings, Secretary; and Pauline Daniel, Treasurer.

**CO-EDS ENTERTAIN STUDENTS AND FACULTY**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)  
Martha Neal and Albert Blumenthal, followed by Pat Padrick and B. C. Dunford, Margaret Ward and Harold Plaster, Gertrude Schwalbe and Mr. Schofield, Jane Williams and Mr. Curlee, and Martha Binder and Mr. McEwen. By that time my eyes were sort of getting close together, and I gave the fun loving crowd that one last, reluctant, look and I was thoroughly convinced that the co-eds—Albert Blumenthal, Woodrow Hill, Harold Plaster, B. C. Dunford, Frank Campbell, George Stone, and James Bray, had outdone themselves in making everybody happy and gay!

**MISS WOLFE HEARD IN BRILLIANT RECITAL**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)  
Allegro con brio  
Miss Wolfe  
Ushers for the occasion were: Miss Lois Moores, Miss Irene Clay, Miss Tommye Frye, Miss Dorothy Moore, Miss Mildred Wolfe.

According to the Hornet, a modern girl's life hinges upon pins. Here are the seven stages:

1. Safety pins.
2. Hair pins.
3. Hat pins.
4. Sorority pins.
5. Fraternity pins.
6. Rolling pins.
7. Safety pins again.

"It's raining cats and dogs outside."

"Yeah, I know, I just stepped into a poodle."  
—The Dog.

Social tact is making your company feel at home, even though you wish they were.  
—Reader's Digest.

Why is an old maid like a frozen tomato?  
Because it's hard to-mate-er.

**SALEM FOUR YEARS AGO**

Dear Salem:  
When I think that it has been four years almost to the day since we Salemites presented our Greek tragedy, I couldn't help reminiscing a bit and writing you this letter—I hope you don't mind. Thanks to Dr. Willoughby, "Antigone" was a wonderful success. Margaret Hauser from High Point played the role of Antigone, the fair haired, flowingly gowned young heroine, and Miss Elinor Chase played opposite her as King Creon. The production was a great credit to Salem and I remember how we swelled with pride when the local newspapers agreed with us.

By Sunday evening we had all calmed down after the excitement of the play and received a great deal of inspiration from the "Y" Vespers, which were held outdoors. We sang "Follow the Glean" and "Day is Dying in the West"—two of my favorite hymns—and the realization came over me then which has been with me ever since of how dearly I loved Salem and how much I hated to graduate.

Along with approaching graduation came the annual Oratoria given by the School of Music, and that particular year it was Haydn's "The Creation." After we worked hard on rehearsals, it was certainly gratifying to hear all the praise that the audience showered on Dean Vardell and the chorus.

I'm looking forward to coming to Commencement and hearing the Seniors sing "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."  
A Salemite of four years ago.

**SCHOOL OF MUSIC PRESENTS NOYES "THE HIGHWAYMAN"**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)  
creak of the stable door, and Tim the ostler, who, though he was very ugly, loved the innkeeper's daughter. He heard the highwayman tell Bess that he must leave to get a prize, but to give him one kiss and he would be back the next night even though he might have to come through hell to get there. The highwayman, then galloped away.

When the next night came, a red-coat troop marched up to the inn door. The soldiers drank the innkeeper's ale, and then gagged and bound his daughter to her bed. Beside her they put a musket with the barrel aimed at her heart. They then kissed her and left her there to wait for her lover.

Bess strained at the knot until her hand were covered with sweat or with blood, and finally managed to get one finger on the trigger. She waited. In the distance, Bess heard the trot, trot of a horseman coming up the highway, but not a sound was made in the inn. She wondered if the troops had heard the horseman. The trotting sounds came nearer, nearer. Bess took one deep breath, and then with an effort, moved her finger on the trigger. There was a deafening sound and then silence. When the highwayman heard the shot of the musket, he turned and galloped away, not knowing that his sweetheart had given her life for his.

Early next morning, the highwayman learned of the death of Bess. He blanched, and then, brandishing his sword and uttering a curse, he galloped toward the inn. Before he reached the home of his sweetheart, he was met by the red-coats and shot down like a dog.

It is said that on moonlight, winter nights, the highwayman can still be heard galloping up to the inn, knocking with his whip at the door, and then whistling to a window where there waits the innkeeper's daughter, plaiting a love knot in her long black hair.

"Of all tastes, I think none compares to these three—the light tang of cinnamon, the brown crust of cold fried chicken and the zip of very young onions."  
—O. O. McIntyre.

**MISS LILLY SPEAKS ON STEPHEN VINCENT BENET**

Miss Elizabeth Lilly, in a short talk in Chapel, Friday, May 17, succeeded in making all of us want to read everything Stephen Vincent Benet has written. She introduced Mr. Benet to us as one of the most delightful of the contemporary poets. He is now thirty-seven years old. Benet was born in Pennsylvania, but he later moved to California and he arrived in time to see, from thirty miles away, the great San Francisco fire. He was graduated from Yale when he was 21 years old.

One of the most interesting of Benet's writings is a strange, fantastic short story, "King of the Cats." "John Brown's Body" is an ethic of the Civil War. When he was young, Benet read a great deal about battles, and heroes, and exciting adventures, and he learned to love them. "John Brown's Body" is a picture rather than a history, of the Civil War. In it Mr. Benet has made really to live for us such men as Lee, Jackson, and Sherman. He gives us pictures of a Northern boy and a Southern boy, not as representatives of sections of the country, but as Americans. He makes us see how all sorts of people felt as he portrays the pathos and pain of the Civil War. Miss Lilly assured us that we should have a new feeling about the Civil War if we read "John Brown's Body."

**DO YOU REMEMBER WHO SAID THESE?**

**Quotations From Talks of The Past Year**

"True education leads to the development of imagination—the power to realize and visualize what you are studying."  
—Dr. Edwin Mimms,  
Y.P.M., Sept. 26, 1934.

Scholarship is the result of the spirit of scholarship, an attitude of mind which comes from deep within our characters."  
—Mr. T. W. Andrews,  
Y.P.M., Oct. 31, 1934.

"I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me  
On farm by de rapide dat's call  
Cheval Blanc."  
—Mr. Schofield—"The Habitant,"  
Chapel, Dec. 12, 1934.

"It is necessary to have a definite purpose in life, for if we don't know where we are going we are running in circles."  
—Rev. Gordon Spough,  
Vespers, Jan. 13, 1935.

"The Jew believes that Jesus Christ is the last and greatest of the prophets."  
—Rabbi Lazon,  
Y.P.M., January 30, 1935.

The salvation of character is thought."  
—Dr. Henry Risner,  
Vespers, February 3, 1935.

"To develop fine personalities, we need first faith in God."  
—Dr. Charles F. Myers,  
Y.P.M., February 6, 1935.

"Never again will we have the quiet and the leisure to study ourselves that we have during our school days. This introspection should not be too serious, but rather joyous and sincere."  
—Dean Robert House,  
Y.P.M., Feb. 13, 1935.

"It is just now that our first heaven and earth are in the process of passing away."  
—Cortlandt Preston,  
Vespers, Feb. 24, 1935.

"We all have a greater or less capacity for sympathizing with others."  
—Mary Penn,  
Vespers, March 17, 1935.  
"Happiness really depends upon our own outlook on life."  
—Martha Binder,  
Vespers, May 5,

**POETRY**

"Perhaps no person can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind."  
—Macaulay.

**VITAE SUMMA BREVIS SPEM NOS VETAT INCOHARE LONGAM**

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate;  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for a while,  
then closes  
Within a dream.  
—Ernest Dowson.

**WISDOM**

It was a night of early spring  
The winter sleep was scarcely broken;  
Around us shadows and the wind  
Listened for what was never spoken.

Though half a score of years are gone,  
Spring comes as sharply now as then;  
But if we had it all to do  
It would be done the same again.

It was spring that never came,  
But we have lived enough to know  
What we have never had, remains:  
It is the things we have that go.  
—Sara Teasdale.

**MADMAN'S SONG**

Better to see your cheek grown hollow,  
Better to see your temple worn,  
Than to forget to follow, follow,  
After the sound of a silver horn.

Better to bind your brow with willow  
And follow, follow until you die  
Than to sleep with your head on a golden pillow,  
Nor lift it up when the hunt goes by.

**PORTRAIT OF A BOY**

After the whipping, he crawled into bed;  
Accepting the harsh fact with no great weeping  
How funny uncle's hat had looked striped red!  
He chuckled silently. The moon came, sweeping  
A black frayed ray of tattered cloud before  
In scorning; very pure and pale she seemed,  
Flooding his bed with radiance.  
On the floor  
Fat motes danced. He sobbed; closed his eyes and dreamed.  
Warm sand flowed round him.  
Blurts of crimson light  
Splashed the white grains like blood. Past the cave's mouth  
Shone with a large fierce splendor, wildly bright,  
The crooked constellation of the South;

Here the Cross swung; and there, affronting Mars,  
The Centaur stormed aside a froth of stars.

Within, great casts like wattled aldermen  
Sighed of enormous feasts, and cloth of gold  
Glowed on the walls like hot desire. Again,  
Beside webbed purples from some galleon's hold,  
A black chest bore the skull and bones in white.

Above a scrawled "Gunpowder!" by the flames,  
Decked out in crimson, gemmed with syenite,  
Hailing their fellows by outrageous names  
The pirates sat and dined. Their eyes were moons.

"Doubloons!" they said. The words crashed gold.  
"Doubloons!"  
—Stephen Vincent Benet.

Better to see your cheek grown sallow  
And your hair grown gray, so soon, so soon,  
Than to forget to hallo, hallo  
After the milk-white hounds of the moon.  
—Elinor Wylie.